

# FOOD WASTED—PEOPLE STARVE.

Farmers in This State Have a Glut of Potatoes and Use Them as Fuel.

Two and Three Cents a Bushel Is All They Can Get for Them at Forced Sale.

Dried and Put into the Stoves to Give Warmth or Else Fed to Hogs.

ALL THIS IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

The Trade in This Food Almost Entirely Destroyed Up the State on Account of This Unexamined Condition of Affairs.

Canandaigua, April 9.—Never within the memory of the oldest farmers has there been such a supply of potatoes in Ontario County. The highest price shippers will pay for them is seven and eight cents a bushel, while the thousands and thousands of bushels which have been offered for sale at various auctions have found no buyers at any price.

At a few sales they sold at two and three cents a bushel, a result, hundreds of farmers throughout the country have been feeding them to their stock, while others are saving coal and wood by burning the potatoes in their stoves. They first build a good coal fire and then put in a quantity of potatoes, which soon dry out and then burn briskly.

John Johnson, of Reed's Corners, had six hundred bushels left over from last fall's crop. He has been burning them for two months past. He figures that at the present market price for potatoes, it would take one hundred bushels to equal the price of a cord of wood, to say nothing of the time spent in loading and drawing to market.

John Voorhies, of Hopewell, has 10,000 bushels, which he is feeding to his stock and using as fuel as rapidly as possible.

In the towns of Victor and Manchester it is estimated that there are at least fifty thousand bushels; so many, in fact, that any one who comes along and wants potatoes can have all he wants for nothing.

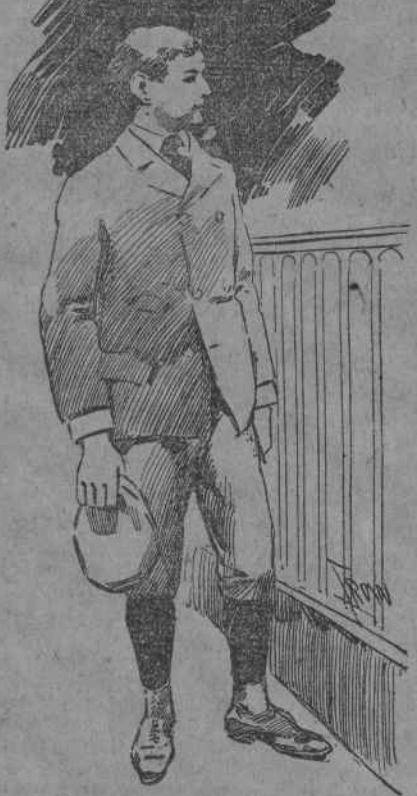
The trade in potatoes at the grocery houses has been killed by farmers peddling potatoes from house to house, and selling them for anything they can get.

One prominent grocer said to-day that owing to this state of affairs, he had not handled more than two bushels in the last two weeks, and then he did not receive enough to pay for delivering them.

It is estimated that the visible supply throughout the county is over five hundred thousand bushels. Last fall farmers could have sold for twenty and twenty-five cents a bushel, but believing that the market would reach fifty cents, hundreds of farmers put their crops into their cellars or in pits, with the result as stated.

Many farmers who relied on the sale of their potatoes to meet certain financial obligations this Spring have been compelled to have auction sales, and dispose of horses, cattle and other personal property.

"The Village Postmaster" Produced. Elizabeth, N. J., April 9.—This first performance in reality the first full dress rehearsal of "The Village Postmaster" was given at the Opera House to-night to a large audience during the first two acts there were hearty encores, and the comedy-drama, which savors of Denham Thompson and "The Old Homestead," was started in a manner very pleasing to its authors. It will be seen at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, next Monday night.



CHARLES SHERIDAN.

This boy, whose age was given by his grandfather in the Harlem Police Court yesterday as thirteen years, pointed a pistol in the face of Henry C. Hadden, who was pursuing him on One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, near Fifth avenue, on Wednesday evening, and pulled the trigger. The powder burned the face of the man who was shot at, and he afterward declared that he heard the bullet whiz past his ear. Hadden, while riding a bicycle, had been snowballed by a crowd of well dressed boys, and was chasing young Sheridan to chastise him for the snow balling, when the boy drew the gun in true Western style.

The case was disposed of in the Police Court yesterday before Magistrate Flannery by the imposition of a fine of \$5 for carrying concealed weapons, Hadden refusing to press the serious charge of attempt to kill. The young prisoner denied that his pistol had contained anything more deadly than a blank cartridge. Magistrate Flannery lectured the boy, who did not appear to be much impressed, and left the court room with a smile on his face. No information as to young Sheridan's family or antecedents was brought out at the hearing. When first arrested he gave his address at No. 33 West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street.

Many Men and Women in This City Lack Food and Faint in the Streets.

The Waste in the Country Districts Would Mean Life to Thousands Here.

Why Should the Poor Suffer When There Is Abundance Close at Hand?

ALL THIS IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

The Potatoes Would Be Gladly Bought Here by Many Persons at Prices That Would Repay Shipment and Handling.

While potatoes are being used as fuel in parts of this State, men and women are starving in this city, as shown by the following incidents, reported recently in the newspapers:

Because Charles H. Mott, of No. 95 Sixteenth street, could not find work and consequently was unable to support his widowed mother and his sister, he committed suicide on March 20. He took a dose of green vitriol in a barn loft at No. 132 Prospect street, Brooklyn. The suicide was only twenty-one years old. He died because he could not get food for himself and his family.

Mrs. Carl Zuehl was discovered at No. 208 West Houston street Friday, March 20, with her six children, and nothing in the house to eat. Their wants were temporarily supplied.

James Belmont, a painter, fifty-one years old, of No. 332 Thirtieth street, committed suicide by taking Paris green on Saturday, March 21. He had been able to secure but eight days' work since October 15, 1895. He was suffering from lack of food.

Mrs. Annie Becker, who lived in Christopher street, between Butler and Blake avenues, Brooklyn, starved to death on Monday, March 23. While waiting for a neighbor to prepare some food, Mrs. Becker collapsed and died.

Phillip Foster and his wife, both of whom worked whenever they could get work in the sweat shops of the East Side, were dispossessed from the miserable room at No. 78 Ludlow street, which they called a home, because Foster's illness prevented him from paying rent a month in advance. When he learned that he and his wife were turned on the street, he fainted, and his neighbors said he was weak from want of food.

Mrs. Lillian Jennings and her six-year-old daughter were sent to Bellevue Hospital on March 26, both suffering from consumption. Because of poverty, Mrs. Jennings was compelled to work, until she collapsed. The physicians thought that lack of nourishment helped to make the child a sufferer.

Mrs. Henrietta Martin, the young widow of Henry J. Martin, tried to leap from a train on March 27 that she might end her life. She was driven to this because since her husband's death she had been unable to get work, had been turned out of the home they had and she saw nothing ahead but starvation.

Mrs. Francis Roessler, of No. 138 Delancey street, was separated from three of her children in Essex Market Court on March 27 because she was unable to buy food for them. They were sent to an institution. Crying bitterly, she left the court room with her three-year-old girl, whom she said she would try to support.

When the case against Frederick Kreiser, who was accused of driving his truck recklessly and injuring Catherine Higgins, was called in Magistrate Crane's court on April 3, Detective Walzfelder reported that Miss Higgins, who is fifty-eight years old, and lives at No. 437 West Fifty-sixth street, had been nearly starved to death since being injured. She had no means of support, and charity did not reach her.

Edward Peters, a Brooklyn blacksmith at No. 570 Baltic street, fell dead in the hallway of his tenement home from sheer starvation, having gone without food for three days that his wife and three children might have food. Since then renders of the Journal have furnished aid for the family.

## YAMAGATA MUCH PLEASSED

His Reception in America Has Thus Far Been Kindly—He Speaks of His Country's Welfare and of Corea.

Omaha, Neb., April 9.—Marquis Yamagata, Field Marshal of Japan, arrived here to-day. The Marquis after apologizing for his inability to converse in the English language, said through an interpreter: "Japan is at peace with all the great European countries. There is no intention of either Japan or Russia occupying Corea. It is the intention of both countries that Corea shall be an independent country. The occupation of a portion of Corea by either country does not mean that there is the slightest danger of a conflict between them."

The Marquis referred to the cablegram in the morning papers telling of the increase in the regiments of from twenty-eight to fifty-two in Japan, and said it was something that had long been contemplated, and that doing this had no significance of approaching difficulties. The Marquis expressed himself as highly pleased with his reception in this country, and said that the most kindly relations existed between the United States and Japan. It is the wish of Japan to continue on friendly relations with all countries on the face of the globe.

Of the present financial system of Japan, Yamagata said: "Japan has no desire for a gold standard at present, for the nations of Asia, as a rule are silver, and therefore my country finds it advantageous to use the same. We find silver of benefit to both the exporter and importer."

The party to-day was taken by special train to view Fort Crook, and examined the plans of the fort. Marshal Yamagata expressed great interest in the King-Jorgensen ride, which was explained to him by General Copping. At 4 o'clock the Marshal and staff were driven to the Union Depot by General Copping to resume their trip overland.

Wrecked Beland Affair Again. The Lupton and Holt steamship Beland, beached at Stapleton, S. I., last Tuesday night, was hoisted yesterday afternoon by wrecking tugs. The holes in her port side made by the sharp bows of the Red Star liner Koonin, which had run aground with strong easterly winds, and the water had been pumped from the hold.



## FOUND IN A GYPSY CAMP.

Strange Story of a Young Girl Who Was Rescued by the Police of Berlin.

By Henry W. Fischer.

Berlin, April 9.—The police are very much interested in the case of a young girl of probably sixteen years of age whom they have rescued from the gypsy camp at Weizensee, between this city and Potsdam. Captain Peters, who is practically the king of the gypsies in this country and owns considerable property, is the chief of the camp at Weizensee. He either pretends to or does not know where the girl came from.

Her name among the gypsies is Mirzah. To the police, who were first attracted to her by her fairness and grace of bearing, she has told that she can recall that at one time she was known as Anna, and that she thinks her father's name was Reuter.

She recalls, too, that she lived in a handsome house and spent part of the year in what from her description may be the Black Forest.

She thinks that she must have been three years old or thereabouts when she was left in a wood by her nurse, whose name she recalls was Malwina. A woman—presumably a gypsy—came to her during the nurse's absence and promised to give her bonbons if she would accompany her.

She did so, and was taken to a camp of gypsies, where she was very kindly treated. Then she was taken to another camp and lost sight of her kidnapper.

In the new camp she was very badly treated by the women and children, but one man named Josef was particularly kind, and made a pet of her. As long as he was in the camp no one dared maltreat her, but when he was away they would beat her in the most brutal manner.

Josef was stabbed to death by a rival in the affections of a woman in the camp, and after his death Mirzah was more brutally treated than ever, especially by this woman.

She wandered all over the country, and was for a short time in Austria. She reached the camp at Weizensee two years ago.

She states that the band of gypsies were continually kidnapping old persons as well as young, and turned them promiscuously into cripples, after which they would sell them to the Organ Grinders' Trust. Blind, their unfortunate victims, cutting out their tongues and cutting off their hands was a favorite method with these gypsies.

## H. R. H. HER GODFATHER.

The Child of the Granddaughter of the Poet Pushkin, and a Russian Grand Duke, Baptized.

Cannes, April 8.—An extremely select company assembled in the Russian Church this morning to witness the baptism of a daughter born to Grand Duke Michael, son of the Grand Duke Michael-Nicolaievitch, of Russia, and his wife, Sophie, formerly the Countess of Merenberg.

The Prince of Wales and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin were the sponsors of the infant.

The child is the fruit of a morganatic marriage which took place at San Remo in 1891, and resulted in putting the Grand Duke in such disfavor at the St. Petersburg Court that Czar Alexander III. dismissed him from the Russian army, in which, however, he was reinstated by the present Emperor, Nicholas II., who restored him to favor.

The mother of the baby for whom the Prince of Wales stood sponsor is the daughter of Prince Nicholas of Nassau, who in 1897 married in London the daughter of Pushkin, the Russian poet of liberty. Czar Alexander III. had arranged a marriage between the Grand Duke Michael and the Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Prince of Wales. But the Grand Duke married the very charming and beautiful Countess Sophie Metenberg, and the Russian Emperor was so infuriated that he excommunicated his cousin. The mother of Grand Duke Michael died in a fit of apoplexy brought on by the news that her son had made a mess of the marriage.

The Grand Duke of Luxembourg, who is the uncle of Countess Sophie, conferred on her the title of Countess of Torbay.

She and her husband are immensely popular among ordinary mortals, and that the Prince of Wales should have stood godfather to the baby of the woman who had taken his daughter's place shows that the Countess Torbay must have proved herself equally fascinating among higher beings.

## Church Treasurer in the Tombs.

Detective Fore, of the Central Office, returned from Chicago yesterday, bringing with him Herman Banermer, who was indicted some time ago for forgery in the second degree. Banermer was the treasurer of the Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church and on March 5, as alleged, left the city, taking \$155 of the church funds.

## Considered on Trial for Murder.

Michael Considered was placed on trial yesterday before Judge Newburger in Part II of General Sessions, upon a charge of murder. On January 25, 1895, at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, he shot and killed John J. Malone.



## HIS THE THIRD SUICIDE.

Depressed Over the Self-Murder of ex-Congressman Harter and Another Friend, Fitch Shoots Himself.

Washington, April 9.—Henry Sanford Fitch, a wealthy man of this city, shot himself in the temple to-day in a fit of mental depression supposed to have been caused by the recent suicide of two intimate friends, ex-Congressman M. D. Harter, of Ohio, and Robert Gittings, of Washington.

About noon Mr. Fitch, who lived on Capitol Hill, at No. 100 Massachusetts avenue Northwest, returned home, went immediately to an upper room in his house, and fired a pistol bullet into his head. His wife was with her children in the room below when she heard the report of the pistol. Medical aid was summoned, but death had been instantaneous.

Mr. Fitch was a native of Mansfield, O., and had lived in Washington for five years. He owned many houses in Washington, and his business affairs were in good shape. He had no family troubles. Some time later, attracted partly by the wilfulness of her people, older sisters went to the shed and found that the ladder had slipped and the door sprung, catching the child and strangling her.

For the past month or two he had been complaining of a pressure on the brain and his son was prepared to hear at any time that his father had suffered a stroke of apoplexy or paralysis, but little thought of suicide.

## POPE PREACHES PEACE.

Leo XIII. Advocates the Formation of a Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration.

London, April 9.—The Pope, through Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State, has addressed the Chronicle a letter, of which the following is a translation.

"Among the most precious gifts the Divine Redeemer bestowed upon the world was that of peace, and no better desire can exist than that peace should reign on earth. Justly, therefore, the Sovereign Pontiff, as Vicar of the Eternal Prince of Peace, desires and cooperates with every effort toward the maintenance of concord and a union of hearts among the nations. On this account His Holiness, being informed by me of the earnestness with which you are promoting the institution of a permanent tribunal for the purpose of deciding international controversies and safeguarding the people from from the ravages of war, cannot but show his satisfaction and express the wish that God will happily crown your praiseworthy efforts with success."

## CUNARD DIRECTORS MEET.

Chairman of the Board Reports a Satisfactory Year, and Profits Have Materially Increased.

London, April 9.—At the annual meeting of the Cunard Steamship Company at Liverpool, Sir John Burns, chairman of the Board, said that the shares had not arrived in the region of paying a dividend, but the profits were about \$50,000 better than for the previous year; owing to the increase in steamer rates. But there was no getting over the fact that competition in every direction was greater than ever, rendering it necessary for shipowners to reduce expenses to the minimum. The New York service was now very complete, and the company's ships commanded the best of the traffic upon the Atlantic, while the new cargo steamers, which were built specially for the Boston trade, answered the purpose admirably.

Satisfactory mention was made of the fact that while the loan from bankers had been increased from \$20,000 to \$75,000, the Board had paid during the year \$200,000 on account of new ships and new works.

## SAVED A CHILD'S LIFE.

Miss Hayhurst Rescued a Little Girl from Under a Trolley Car and Then Fainted Away.

Newark, N. J., April 9.—A five-year-old girl was struck by a trolley car on Belleville avenue yesterday and narrowly escaped being killed. The child was knocked down and pushed along the ground by the trolley for a short distance.

Miss May Hayhurst, of No. 35 Belleville avenue, ran to the child's assistance, and reached the car and pulled the child from its perilous position. The little one had not been hurt in the least but ran away crying.

Miss Hayhurst, as soon as she placed the little girl on her feet, fainted and had to be carried to her home. She had several other fainting spells later, and was still suffering from shock to-day.

Red Riding Hood spent the night at Police Headquarters. Yesterday she suddenly remembered her name, and told of her adventures to the police.

"Oh, I've found my name. It's Millie Waters," and she clapped her hands in glee. "Now I'm going to mamma, isn't it?"

No one called or inquired for Millie until late in the afternoon, when Mrs. Elizabeth Waters, of No. 320 West Thirty-sixth street, rushed breathlessly into the information bureau at Police Headquarters and asked for the child.

## Will Visit Jefferson's Grave.

Washington, April 9.—The National Association of Democratic Clubs will designate Jefferson, April 13, the birthday of Thomas Jefferson. They will visit the home and tomb of the founder of Democracy at Monticello, and will also visit the grave of Jefferson at the University of Virginia.

## STRANGLED WHILE SHE FED HER DOVES.

A Ladder Slipped and Little Augusta Kalasch Was Caught in a Trap Door.

Two Elder Sisters Found the Child in the Cowshed Loft, Her Life Just Sped.

She Had Gone with Crumbs for Frau Ernestine, the Bird That Came Home at Easter.

## SCHOOL FLAG IS AT HALF-MAST.

And Her Big Doll Is in a Chair at the Foot of Her Casket, for Her Father Says She Must Love It, Even in Death.

Augusta Kalasch, the pretty, eleven-year-old child of Carl Kalasch, who lives in a picturesque hotel on the shores of Penhor Creek, near Tyler Park, N. J., was strangled to death Tuesday afternoon by the falling of a trap-door through which she was feeding her pet pigeons in the pigeon loft over her father's cowshed.

She had climbed the crude ladder reaching to the loft from the rear of the stall occupied by the Kalasches' only cow, Gretchen by name, who was in her stall at the time.

Whether Gretchen kicked over the ladder or the foot of the ladder simply slipped in the snow tracked in from the drifts that surrounded the lonesome building that day, no one knows. One thing or the other happened while little Augusta's head and arms were thrust up through the trap-door.

HAPPY WITH HER PETS. About 6 o'clock Tuesday, when she had returned from school, a mile away, she took a basin of bread-crumbs and crumbs and bits from the Kalasches' none too bountifully supplied table, and as was her daily custom at that hour, started for the pigeon loft.

"Frau Ernestine" was the name of Augusta's favorite pigeon. It disappeared on Good Friday and only returned to the loft on Easter Monday. Augusta was broken-hearted over her supposed loss, and correspondingly gay and happy over the unexpected return of the wanderer.

Her elder sister Amanda, says that she sang as she set out for the loft, and said to her: "Sister, Frau Ernestine shall have more than her share to-day, for was she not away many days and probably had nothing."

"So," replied the sister: "that is a good child; all her to overflowing to reward her for coming back. Then she shall fly away again."

Augusta only laughed. Her mop-like poodle raved away behind her, covering the distance between the house and cowshed many times while Augusta traversed it once.

MAY BE THE POODLE'S FAULT. Amanda, with whom the poodle was a favorite, fears that he in his excess of joy may have had to do with the pushing down of the ladder and innocently causing his mistress's death.

An hour later the big sister became alarmed because Augusta was so long away. She went to the kitchen door. The poodle was whining dismally by the cowshed. He did not come when she called him. She threw a shawl over her head and hurried out.

The cow, Gretchen, looked around at her and loved as she entered the door. She saw that the ladder was down, and she stooped to pick it up to put it again in position before she discovered the body of her sister hanging from the closed trap. She screamed and ran next door for her married sister, Mrs. Clara Tuschman.

Together the sisters put the ladder in position and released the little one. With great difficulty they carried the child's body down the steep ladder and laid it in the clean straw prepared for Gretchen's bed. The child was quite still and, though the body was still warm, life was extinct.

Carl Kalasch, the father, works in the railroad yards at Hoboken, cleaning Pullman cars. Augusta drove with him every morning to the Tyler Park station, and, hitching up the father's aged horse, herself went to fetch him at night, when his toil was done. When she did not come Tuesday night, he knew that something had happened to his favorite, and hurried home with a heart full of foreboding.

MOTHER WISHES TO DIE. The mother, too, was away. To eke out the scanty income she worked for a Mrs. Strakoske, in Hoboken. Since her return to her stricken home that night she has been beside herself with grief, and has threatened to kill herself. The husband watches her constantly, for fear she may make the attempt. Augusta was the mother's favorite, as well as her father's pet.

Carl Kalasch was once a sailor in the German Navy, and later a man-of-war's man on the old United States cruiser Portsmouth. With the savings of his seafaring days he bought the little place on Penhor Creek, where, in the midst of a little colony of swine herds and goose herds, he brought up his family of pretty daughters.

Augusta was known and loved by them all. The thrifty housewives gave her the prettiest flowers from their kitchen gardens as she passed on her way to the school on the old County Road. "Der lustige kleine fraulein," they called her. The flag on the flagstaff of the school-house was hoisted to half-mast, because of her sad death, and the scholars will be let out early this afternoon, so that her little friends may attend the funeral at 2 o'clock.

Next to Gretchen, the pigeon, Frau Ernestine, and the poodle, Augusta loved best of all her possessions a gigantic French doll, almost as large as herself. It had cost her devoted father a full week's pay, and its like was never before seen in that poor neighborhood.

With tears in his eyes the father last night placed the doll in a chair at the foot of the white coffin in the dimly lighted back parlor.

"Death cannot have killed her fondness for it," he said.

Burglars Took All They Wanted. Elizabeth, N. J., April 9.—The home of Uriah L. Van Deventer, No. 17 Sayre street, was looted this afternoon of all the easily portable valuables and money it contained. The family fled from home at 9 o'clock, and \$500 worth of silver and gold-ware, and \$200 money were taken.

Burglars visited several homes in the Lafayette section of Jersey City early yesterday morning, but failed to secure any booty. One of the two who entered the residence of the Rev. John T. Kommers, pastor of the Lafayette Reformed Church, at No. 237 Pacific avenue, was chased by the clergyman with a revolver.

The house occupied by Dr. Kommers is a double one. It is fitted throughout with burglar alarms, but the knights of the dark lantern and the jimmy were not aware of the fact. The two burglars climbed over a fence into the rear yard about 2 a. m. They placed a barrel under one of the kitchen windows, and one of them soon pried the window open and dropped into the room. The other burglar remained outside to watch.

The man in the house, after striking a match, so that he could get his bearings, passed through the hall into the dining room. The door through which that room is entered is equipped with an alarm. The burglar had no sooner opened the door than the bell rang. It made a great din, which could be heard throughout the house.

Dr. Kommers, asleep in the front room upstairs, heard the bell. He knew what it meant, and springing out of bed, seized his revolver from a stand and, three steps at a time, hurried down the stairs.

The burglar, when the alarm went off, dropped the match with which he was lighting his way, and turned to flee. As he groped around in the dark he lost his bearings. Instead of reaching the kitchen, he caught hold of the handle of a door leading to the cellar.

Down the stairs the burglar darted, just as Dr. Kommers reached the dining room. A crash from the cellar notified the clergyman where the burglar had gone, and he started after him.

The cellar was very dark, the only light coming from a small window in front. The window was covered with netting, and was about two feet square.

As Dr. Kommers, revolver in hand, hurried down the cellar steps, the burglar, who had been in the cellar for some time, meant possibly death, made a line for the window.

With a spring he dived head first through the window. Some flower pots on a shelf below the window went with the burglar, who landed in a heap on the grass plot outside. Picking himself up the burglar darted across the lawn, sprang over a fence and disappeared down Pacific avenue.

The other burglar, hearing the racket inside the house, had meanwhile jumped the fence in the rear, and ran through the yard of George W. Lewis's house, No. 252 Whitton street, to that thoroughfare.

Dr. Kommers, when the burglar went through the cellar window, hurried upstairs, and, dressing as quickly as possible, started to search for a policeman. He failed to find one, but did discover that his attempt had been made to enter Mr. Lewis's house by means of a basement window. It is thought that the burglars, after visiting Lewis's house, made the attempt upon Dr. Kommers's residence.

Many Mourn for Sister Harriet. Peekskill, N. Y., April 9.—The funeral services over the remains of Sister Harriet (Harriet Starr Cannon), for thirty-two years Mother Superior of the Star of the East, Mary's, who died at St. Gabriel's School, in this village, on Easter Sunday, in her seventy-fourth year, were held this morning in St. Gabriel's Church. There were present many sisters and associates from abroad, as well as a large number of friends. The funeral was conducted by Rev. Dr. H. J. Little, who conducted the services.

## PASTOR KOMMERS CHASED THE BURGLAR.

Took a Revolver and Went Downstairs to Meet the Midnight Intruder.

Pluckily Followed Him Through the Dark Rooms into the Cellar.

Notified of the Thief's Presence by the Ringing of an Alarm on a Hall Door.

## THE THIEF ESCAPED AFTER ALL.

Made Desperate by the Fear of Capture, He Threw Himself Through a Window, Reached the Yard Outside and Got Away.

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